defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue for which I raz'd my likenes, now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condem'd, thy maiſter whom thou loueſt ſhall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truly that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe, and ſayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſhe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a King, thar't poore enough, what would'ſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'ſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maiſter.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt doe?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo yong to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou ſhalt ſerue mee, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you ſirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you,

Lear. What ſay's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe, wher's

whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now, wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He ſay's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to mee when I cal'd him?

ſeruant. Sir, hee anſwered mee in the roundeſt maner, hee would not. *Lear.* A would not?

ſeruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, ſay'ſt thou ſo?

ſeruant. I beſeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be miſtaken, for my dutie cannot bee ſilent, when I thinke your highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ielous curioſitie, then as a very pretence & purport of vnkindneſſe, I will looke further into't, but wher's this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two dayes.

ſeruant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeake with her, goe you cal hither my foole, O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horeſon dog, you ſlaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtruck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away, you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole.